	UNIT ONE
Act 1 Scene 1 (Enter Antonio,	Salerio, and Solanio)
ANTONIO	
	In sooth, I know not why I am so sad. It wearies me, you say it wearies you,
	But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
	What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn:
	And such a want-wit sadness makes of me
SALERIO	That I have much ado to know myself.
	Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
	There where your argosies with portly sail, Like signors and rich burghers on the flood—
	Or as it were the pageants of the sea
	Do overpeer the petty traffickers That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
SOLANIO	As they fly by them with their woven wings.
SOLANIO	(to Antonio) Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth
	The better part of my affections would Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
	Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
	Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads, And every object that might make me fear
	Misfortune to my ventures out of doubt
SALERIO	Would make me sad. I know Antonio
	Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
ANTONIO	Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
	My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
	Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate Upon the fortune of this present year.
	Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
SOLANIO	Why then, you are in love.
ANTONIO	Fie, fie.
SOLANIO	Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad
	Because you are not merry, and 'twere as easy
	For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry Because you are not sad.
	(Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Graziano)
	Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman, Graziano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well.
SALERIO	We leave you now with better company.
SALERIO	I would have stayed till I had made you merry
ANTONIO	If worthier friends had not prevented me.
	Your worth is very dear in my regard.
	I take it your own business calls on you, And you embrace th' occasion to depart.
SALERIO	
	Good morrow, my good lords. <u>UNIT TWO.</u>
BASSANIO	Good signors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
	You grow exceeding strange. Must it be so?
SALERIO	We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
	(Exeunt Salerio and Solanio)
LORENZO	My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
	We two will leave you; but at dinner time
BASSANIO	I pray you have in mind where we must meet.
GRUGUNG	I will not fail you.
GRAZIANO	You look not well, Signor Antonio.
	You have too much respect upon the world.
ANTONIO	Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
	I hold the world but as the world, Graziano-
	A stage where every man must play a part, And mine a sad one.
GRAZIANO	Let me play the fool. With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
	I tell thee what, Antonio-
	I love thee, and 'tis my love that speaks— There are a sort of men whose visages
	Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
	And do a wilful stillness entertain With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
	Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
	As who should say "I am Sir Oracle, And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."
	O my Antonio, I do know of these
	That therefore only are reputed wise For saying nothing, when I am very sure,
	If they should speak, would almost damn those ears Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
	I'll tell thee more of this another time.
	But fish not with this melancholy bait For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.—
	For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.— Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well a while.
LORENZO	I'll end my exhortation after dinner. (to Antonio and Bassanio)
LORLINEO	Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
	I must be one of these same dumb wise men, For Graziano never lets me speak.
GRAZIANO	
	Well, keep me company but two years more Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.
ANTONIO	Fare you well. I'll grow a talker for this gear.
	i me jou went i n grow a taiker for this gear.

Fare you well. I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRAZIANO	
	Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable
	In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible. (Exeunt Graziano and Lorenzo)
	UNIT THREE
ANTONIO	Yet is that anything now?
BASSANIO	Graziano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His
	reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day
ANTONIO	ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.
	Well, tell me now what lady is the same
	To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, That you today promised to tell me of.
BASSANIO	• • • •
	'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio, How much I have disabled mine estate
	By something showing a more swelling port
	Than my faint means would grant continuance,
	Nor do I now make moan to be abridged From such a noble rate; but my chief care
	Is to come fairly off from the great debts
	Wherein my time, something too prodigal, Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
	I owe the most in money and in love,
	And from your love I have a warranty To unburden all my plots and purposes
	How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
ANTONIO	I muse and Decemie later, here it
	I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it, And if it stand as you yourself still do,
	Within the eye of honour, be assured
	My purse, my person, my extremest means Lie all unlocked to your occasions.
BASSANIO	·
	In my schooldays, when I had lost one shaft, I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
	The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
	To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
	I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof Because what follows is pure innocence.
	I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
	That which I owe is lost; but if you please To shoot another arrow that self way
	Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
	As I will watch the aim, to find both, Or bring your latter hazard back again,
	And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
ANTONIO	Versteren well and have a med bet fine
	You know me well, and herein spend but time To wind about my love with circumstance
	And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
	In making question of my uttermost Than if you had made waste of all I have.
	Then do but say to me what I should do
	That in your knowledge may by me be done, And I am pressed unto it. Therefore speak.
BASSANIO	
	In Belmont is a lady richly left, And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
	Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
	I did receive fair speechless messages. Her name is Portia;
	Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
	For the four winds blow in from every coast
	Renownèd suitors, to her seat of Belmont, And many Jasons come in quest of her.
	O my Antonio, had I but the means
	To hold a rival place with one of them, I have a mind presages me such thrift
	That I should questionless be fortunate.
ANTONIO	Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea,
	Neither have I money nor commodity
	To raise a present sum. Therefore go forth—
	Try what my credit can in Venice do That shall be racked even to the uttermost
	To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
	Go presently enquire, and so will I, Where money is; and I no question make
	To have it of my trust or for my sake.
	(Exeant severally)
Act 1 Scene 2	<u>UNIT 4</u>
	vith Nerissa, her waiting-woman)
PORTIA	By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.
NERISSA	You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your
	good fortunes are; and yet for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in
	the mean. Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.
PORTIA	Good sentences and wall pronounced
I ON I IA	Good sentences, and well pronounced.
NERISSA	They would be better if well followed.
PORTIA	If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches,
-	and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own
	instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but
	a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to
	choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose"! I may neither choose who I would
	nor refuse who I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?
NERISSA	Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who
	chooses his meaning chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly but
	one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any

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one who you shall rightly love. Bu	it what v	varmt	h is th	ere in yo	ur affection	towards

any

of these princely suitors that are already come?

PORTIA	I pray thee overname them, and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.
NERISSA	First there is the Neapolitan prince.
PORTIA	Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.
NERISSA	Then is there the County Palatine.
PORTIA	He doth nothing but frown, as who should say "An you will not have me, choose". He hears merry tales and smiles not. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!
NERISSA	How say you by the French lord, Monsieur le Bon?
PORTIA	God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.
NERISSA	What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?
PORTIA	You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him. He hath neither
	Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but alas, who can converse with a dumb show?
NERISSA	How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?
PORTIA	Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk. When he is best he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.
NERISSA	If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.
PORTIA	Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.
NERISSA	You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords. They have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.
PORTIA	If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence.
NERISSA	Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither?
PORTIA	Yes, yes, it was Bassanio—as I think, so was he called.
NERISSA	True, madam. He of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon was the best deserving a fair lady.
PORTIA	I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. (<i>Enter a Servingman</i>) How now, what news?
BALTHASAR	The five strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave, and there is a forerunner come from a sixth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his master will be here tonight.
PORTIA	If I could bid the sixth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other five
I	arewell, I should be glad of his approach. If he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. (<i>To Balthasar</i>) Sirrah, go before. Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, Another knocks at the door. (<i>Exeml</i>)
Act 1 Scene 3	<u>UNIT 5</u>
(Enter Bassanio SHYLOCK	with Shylock the Jew) Three thousand ducats. Well.
BASSANIO	Ay, sir, for three months.
SHYLOCK	For three months. Well.
BASSANIO	For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
SHYLOCK	Antonio shall become bound. Well.
BASSANIO	May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?
SHYLOCK	Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.
BASSANIO	Your answer to that.
SHYLOCK	Antonio is a good man.
BASSANIO	Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
SHYLOCK	Ho, no, no, no, nol My meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies. I understand moreover upon the Rialto he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men. There be land rats and water rats, water thieves and land thieves—I mean pirates—and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats. I think I may take his bond.

SHYLOCK	I will be assured I may, and that I may be assured, I will be think me. May I speak with Antonio?
BASSANIO	If it please you to dine with us.
SHYLOCK	Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. (<i>Enter Antonio</i>)
BASSANIO	(<i>To Antonio</i>) What news on the Rialto? (<i>To Bassanio</i>) Who is he comes here?
SHYLOCK	This is Signor Antonio. (Bassanio and Antonio speak silently to one another)
SHYLOCK	(<i>aside</i>) How like a fawning publican he looks. I hate him for he is a Christian;
	But more, for that in low simplicity
	He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
	If I can catch him once upon the hip I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
	He hates our sacred nation, and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate,
	On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift— Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe
BASSANIO SHYLOCK	If I forgive him. Shylock, do you hear?
SHILOCK	I am debating of my present store,
	And by the near guess of my memory I cannot instantly raise up the gross
	Of full three thousand ducats. What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
	Will furnish me. But soft—how many months Do you desire?
	(<i>To Antonio</i>) Rest you fair, good signor. Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
ANTONIO	Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
	By taking nor by giving of excess, Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend
	I'll break a custom. (<i>To Bassanio</i>) Is he yet possessed
SHYLOCK ANTONIO	How much ye would? Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
	And for three months.
SHYLOCK	I had forgot—three months.
	(<i>To Bassanio</i>) You told me so.— Well then, your bond. Let me see; but hear you Methoughts you said you neither lend nor borrow
ANTONIO	Upon advantage. I do never use it.
SHYLOCK	i do never use it.
SHILDER	Three thousand ducats 'Tis a good round sum
	Three thousand ducats. 'Tis a good round sum. Three months from twelve—then let me see the rate.
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ANTONIO SHYLOCK	Three months from twelve—then let me see the rate. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you? Signor Antonio, many a time and oft in the Riato you have rated me About ny moneys and my usances. Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, For suffrance is the badge of all our tribe. You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog. And alf or use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears you need my help. Go to, then. You come to me, and you say "Shylock, we would have moneys"—you say so, You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And foot me as you spurn a stranger cut Shylock, we would have moneys"—you say so, You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And foot me as you spurn a stranger cut What should I say to you? Should I not say "Hath a dog money? I is yous Should I not say "Hath a dog money? I is yous Should A cur should lend three thousand ducats?" Or Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key, With batel breath and whisp'ring humbleness Say this: "Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last You called me dog; and for these courtesies You this the orall these soagain, To ang hike to call these ongain, To ang hike to call these ongain, To ang hike to call these ongain, You spate on the spate on the off Hendship take A bread for harren metal for his friend? With batel bread this money, lend it not A to thy triends, for when did friendship take A bread for harren metal for his friend? With batel bread, how mayst with better face Zue ten yenty. "With Not Poesa, how mayst with better face Zue ten yenty. "We how poes you for you for these to the face the poesaty. "We how poesaty with poesator face the poesaty. "We how poesator the poesator the poesator." "We how poesator the poesator."
ANTONIO SHYLOCK	Three months from twelve—then let me see the rate. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you? Signor Antonio, many a time and oft In the Rialto you have rated me About my moneys and my usances. Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, For suff rance is the badge of all our tribe. You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog, And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine, And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears you need my help. Go to, then. You come to me, and you say 'Shylock, we would have moneys"—you says so, You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur Over your threshold. Moneys is your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say 'Hath a dog money? I si t possible A cur should led three thousand ducats?" Or Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key, With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness Say this: "Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last You spurned me such aday; another time You called me dog; and for these courtesies [11 leng) uutus much moneys"." I am as like to call these so again, To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friends; for when did friendship take A hare for barren metal for his frien? But lend it rather to thine enemy. Who, look you, how you storm! Who leo break, thou mayst with better face Exact the penalty. Why look you, how you storm!
ANTONIO SHYLOCK	Three months from twelve—then let me see the rate. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you? Signor Antonio, many a time and oft in the Riido you have rated me About my moneys and my usances. Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, For suff rance is the badge of all our trike. You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog, And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears you need my help. Go to, then. You come to me, and you say 'Shylock, we would have moneys"—you say so, You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And all for use sy you self way. You thershold. Moneys is your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say 'Hath a dog money? I si tpossible A cur should lend three thousand ducats? Or Shall Lend low, and in a bondman's key. With bated breat and whisp'ring humbleness Say this: "Fair sit, you spatt on me on Wednesday last You gurned me such a day; mother time You called me dog; and for these courteises I'l lend you thus much moneys"." I nan slike to call thee so again, To spio n thee again, to spurn the too. I fund will end this firen? A to therients, for when di firendship take A to the firends in the patient firent A to the firends with you, and have your low, Firend firends with you, and have your low, Forget the shames that you have stained me with, Spiy Jour present wants, and take no doit O'usuance for my moneys, and you'l not hear me.
ANTONIO SHYLOCK	Three months from twelve—then let me see the rate. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you? Signor Antonio, many a time and oft in the Rialto you have rated me Alout ny moneys and my usances. Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, For suff rance is the badge of all our tribe. You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog, And alf or use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears you need my help. Go to, then. You come to me, and you say 'Shylock, we would have moneys"—you say so, You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And for me as you spurn a stranger cur Over your threshold. Moneys is your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say 'Hath a dog money? Is it youssible A cur should lend three thousand ducats?" Or Shall I bend low, and in a bondmar's key, With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness Say this: "Pair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last You called me dog; and for these courtesies 'I'l lend you thus much moneys". Tam as like to call thee so again, To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not A to try friends; for when did friendship take A breed for barren metal for his friend? But lend it rather to thine enemy, Who if he break, thou mayst with better face 'A tore go and for these expans. Who if he break, thou mayst with better face 'A tore go and it rather to thine enemy. Whoid he friends with you, and have your love, Forget the shames that you have stained me with, 'Supply your present wants, and take no doit Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.
ANTONIO SHYLOCK	<text></text>
ANTONIO SHYLOCK ANTONIO SHYLOCK BASSANIO	Three months from twelve—then let me see the rate. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you? Signor Antonio, many a time and oft in the Riido you have rated me About my moneys and my usances. Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, For suff "nace is the badge of all our trike. You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog, And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears you need my help. Go to, then. You come to me, and you say "Shylock, we would have moneys"—you say so, You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And dif or oue to you? Should I not say "Bath of the meshold. Moneys is your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say "Hat a dog money? I si tpossible A cur should lend three thouses you "Hat a dog money? I si tpossible A cur should lend three thouses "Bath of the say ou you? Should I not say "Hat a dog money? I si tpossible A cur should lend three thouses "Suit I bend low, and in a bondman's key. With a tab due and whisp'ring humbleness Say thi: "Aris is you spatt on me on Wednesday last You called me dog; and for these courtesies I'll lend you thus much moneys"." I and slike to call these so gain, To spit on thee again, to sputrn the too. I thou will tend this money, lend it not As to thy friends, for when di friendship take A tree for barrem metal for his firen? But did in different bits firen? Mould be firends with you, and have your love, Forget the shames that you have stained me with, Sup Jook you, how you storm? Mould be firends with you, and have your love, Forget the shames that you have stained me with, Sup Joy your present wants, and take no doit O'usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me. This kindness will l show. For sit kind I offer. This wind set the not, Sup Handess metal for these reading. Con with to an antory, seall me there. For sit kind I offer.
ANTONIO SHYLOCK ANTONIO SHYLOCK BASSANIO	Three months from twelve—then let me see the rate. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you? Signor Antonio, many a time and oft in the Killot you have rated me Alout ny moneys and my usances. Still have I horne it with a patient shrug, For suffrance is the badge of all our tribe. You call me misheliever, cut-throat, dog. And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears you need my help. Go to, then. You come to me, and you say Shylock, we would have moneys"—you say so, You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And for me as you present you says. You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And alf orme as you your Should I not say Hath aloug money? Is i your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say Hath aloug money? Is i your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say Hath aloug money? Is i your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say Hath aloug money? Is i your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say Hath aloug money? Is i your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say. Hath alou forme as you and you you form Should lend three thousand ducats?" Or Shall I bend low, and in a bondmari skey, With bate breats and whisp'ring humbleness Say thus: Paris i, you spat on me on Wednesday last You go you shou me on Wednesday last You go in othere again, to pourt these, courtesies Stribus: Paris i, you spat on me on Wednesday last You fould hed this money.elm it not Xot hy thriends; for when did friendship take A to thy friends; for when ada for his friend? Kudi ke friends with you, and have your love, You your present wants, and take no did You your you

	Be nominated for an equal pound
	Of your fair flesh to be cut off and taken
ANTONIO	In what part of your body pleaseth me.
ANTONIO	Content, in faith. I'll seal to such a bond,
	And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
BASSANIO	
	You shall not seal to such a bond for me. I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
ANTONIO	r ir rauler uwen in my necessity.
	Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it.
	Within these two months-that's a month before
	This bond expires—I do expect return Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
SHYLOCK	Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
	O father Abram, what these Christians are,
	Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
	The thoughts of others! (<i>To Bassanio</i>) Pray you tell me this:
	If he should break his day, what should I gain
	By the exaction of the forfeiture?
	A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
	Is not so estimable, profitable neither, As flesh of muttons, beeves, or goats. I say,
	To buy his favour I extend this friendship.
	If he will take it, so. If not, adieu,
	And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
ANTONIO	Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
SHYLOCK	res, onylock, i will sear third this bond.
	Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
	Give him direction for this merry bond,
	And I will go and purse the ducats straight, See to my house—left in the fearful guard
	Of an unthrifty knave—and presently
	I'll be with you.
ANTONIO	Hie thee, gentle Jew.
	(Exit Shylock) The Hebrew will turn Christian
BASSANIO	
	I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
ANTONIO	Come on In this there are here a dimension
	Come on. In this there can be no dismay. My ships come home a month before the day.
	(Exeunt)
	<u>UNIT 6</u>
Act 2 Scene 1	
(Flourish of corr	
	netts. Enter the Prince of Morocco, a tawny Moor all in white, and three or ccordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their train)
four followers a	ccordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their train) (to Portia)
four followers a	cordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their train) (to Portia) Mislike me not for my complexion,
four followers a	cordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their train) (to Portia) Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
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Act 2 Scene 2 (Inter Lancelot the down) LANCELOT Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at may," My conscience says "No, take heed, honest Lancelot, do not run, scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. "Away" says the fiend, "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience hanging about the neck of my heart says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Lancelot" — being an honest man's son, "Lancelot, budge not." "Budge" says the fiend conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well" "Fiend," say i "you counsel well." To be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the

	very devil incarnation my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run,
	fiend. My heels are at your commandment. I will run.
	(Enter Bassanio) (to Bassanio) God bless your worship.
BASSANIO	Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me?
LANCELOT	Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew - In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know
BASSANIO	What would you?
LANCELOT	Serve you, sir.
BASSANIO	
	I know thee well. Thou hast obtained thy suit. Shylock, thy master spoke with me this day, And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich Jew's service to become
LANCELOT	The follower of so poor a gentleman.
BASSANIO	The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.
BASSANIO	Take leave of thy old master and enquire My lodging out.
LANCELOT	I shall have good fortune! I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling. $(Exit)$
(Enter Grazian	UNIT 8 0)
GRAZIANO	Signor Bassanio!
BASSANIO GRAZIANO	Graziano!
BASSANIO	I have a suit to you. You have obtained it.
GRAZIANO	You must not deny me. I must go with you to Belmont.
BASSANIO	Why then, you must. But hear thee, Graziano,
	Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice— Parts that become thee happily enough,
	And in such eyes as ours appear not faults But where thou art not known, why, there they show
	Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty
	Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour I be misconstered in the place I go to,
GRAZIANO	And lose my hopes. Signor Bassanio, hear me.
01111110	If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
	Wear prayer books in my pocket, look demurely— Use all the observance of civility.
	Like one well studied in a sad ostent
BASSANIO	To please his grandam, never trust me more.
GRAZIANO	Well, we shall see your bearing.
B. COLUMO	Nay, but I bar tonight. You shall not gauge me By what we do tonight.
BASSANIO	No, that were pity. I would entreat you rather to put on
	Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment. But fare you well.
GRAZIANO	I have some business.
	And I must to Lorenzo and the rest. But we will visit you at supper-time. (<i>Exemt severally</i>)
Act 2 Scene 3	UNIT 9
	nd Lancelot, the cloven)
ULDOICH	I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so. Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
	Didst robits is neil, and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness. But fare thee well. There is a ducat for thee.
	And, Lancelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
	Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest. Give him this letter, do it secretly
	And so farewell. I would not have my father See me in talk with thee.
LANCELOT	Adieu. Tears exhibit my tongue, most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But adieu. These foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit. Adieu.
JESSICA	Farewell, good Lancelot.
	(<i>Exit Lancelot</i>) Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
	To be ashamed to be my father's child! But though I am a daughter to his blood,
	I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo, If thou keep promise I shall end this strife,
	Become a Christian and thy loving wife. (Exit)
Act 2 Scene 4	(<i>Lxtt</i>) UNIT 10
	no, Lorenzo, Salerio, and Salanio)
LUALINDO	Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
CRAZIANO	Disguise us at my lodging, and return All in an hour.
GRAZIANO	We have not made good preparation.
LORENZO	

	'Tis now but four o'clock. We have two hours
	To furnish us. (Enter Lancelot with a letter)
	Friend Lancelot, what's the news?
LANCELOT	(presenting the letter) An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
LORENZO	(taking the letter)
	I know the hand. In faith, 'tis a fair hand, And whiter than the paper it writ on
CR I TI IIO	Is the fair hand that writ.
GRAZIANO	Love-news, in faith.
LANCELOT	(to Lorenzo) By your leave, sir.
LORENZO	Whither goest thou?
LANCELOT	Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup tonight with my new master the
	Christian.
LORENZO	Hold, here, take this. (Giving money)
	Tell gentle Jessica
	I will not fail her. Speak it privately. Go.
	(Exit Lancelot)
	My friends Will you prepare you for this masque tonight?
SOLANIO	
	Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
LORENZO	Meet me and Graziano
SOLANIO	At Graziano's lodging some hour hence.
	'Tis good we do so.
GRAZIANO	(Exit Solanio)
LORENZO	Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
LUKENZU	I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
	How I shall take her from her father's house,
	What gold and jewels she is furnished with. If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven
	It will be for his gentle daughter's sake And never dare misfortune cross her foot
	Unless she do it under this excuse:
	That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
	Come, go with me. Peruse this as thou goest. (<i>He gives Graziano the letter. Exeunt.</i>)
	<u>UNIT 11</u>
Act 2 Scene 5	
(Enter Shylock to SHYLOCK	he Jew and his man that was, Lancelot the clown)
	Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
	The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio. (<i>Calling</i>) What, Jessica!
	(To Lancelot) Thou shalt not gormandize
	As thou hast done with me. (<i>Calling</i>) What, Jessica!
	(<i>To Lancelot</i>) And sleep and snore and rend apparel out.
LANCELOT	(Calling) Why, Jessica, I say! (calling) Why, Jessica!
SHYLOCK	Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
LANCELOT	Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding. (Enter Jessica)
JESSICA	(to Shylock) Call you? What is your will?
SHYLOCK	I am bid forth to supper, Jessica.
	There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
	I am not bid for love. They flatter me, But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
	The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
	Look to my house. I am right loath to go. There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
	For I did dream of money-bags tonight.
LANCELOT	I beseech you, sir, go. My young master doth expect your reproach.
SHYLOCK	So do I his.
LANCELOT SHYLOCK	And they have conspired together. I will not say you shall see a masque
	What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica,
	Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum And the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife,
	Clamber not you up to the casements then,
	Nor thrust your head into the public street To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces,
	But stop my house's ears-I mean my casements.
	Let not the sound of shallow fopp'ry enter My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear
	I have no mind of feasting forth tonight.
	But I will go. (To Lancelot) Go you before me, sirrah.
LANCELOT	Say I will come.
LANCELOT	I will go before, sir. (Aside to Jessica) Mistress, look out at window for all this.
	There will come a Christian by
	Will be worth a Jewess' eye. (<i>Exit</i>)
SHYLOCK	(to Jessica) What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?
JESSICA	
SHYLOCK	His words were "Farewell, mistress"
	The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
	Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day More than the wildcat. Drones hive not with me

	Therefore I part with him, and part with him To one that I would have him help to waste
	His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in.
	Perhaps I will return immediately.
	Do as I bid you. Shut doors after you. Fast bind, fast find—
	A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.
JESSICA	(Exit at one door)
visoren	Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
	I have a father, you a daughter lost.
	(Exit at another door) UNIT 12
Act 2 Scene 6	
(Enter the masque GRAZIANO	ers, Graziano, and Salerio, with torchbearers)
	This is the penthouse under which Lorenzo
SOLANIO	Desired us to make stand. His hour is almost past.
GRAZIANO	This four is annost past.
	And it is marvel he outdwells his hour, For lovers ever run before the clock.
SOLANIO	r or lovers ever run before the clock.
	O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
	To seal love's bonds new made than they are wont To keep obliged faith unforfeited.
GRAZIANO	To keep obliged later unorfered.
	That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast
	With that keen appetite that he sits down? All things that are
	Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.
SOLANIO	(Enter Lorenzo, with a torch)
50121110	Here comes Lorenzo. More of this hereafter.
LORENZO	
	Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode. Not I but my affairs have made you wait.
	When you shall please to play the thieves for wives
	I'll watch as long for you therein. Approach.
	Here dwells my father Jew. (Calling) Ho, who's within?
	(Enter Jessica above)
JESSICA	Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
	Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
LORENZO	r 14.1
JESSICA	Lorenzo, and thy love.
	Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
	For who love I so much? And now who knows But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
LORENZO	bit you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours:
IECCICA	Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
JESSICA	Here, catch this casket. It is worth the pains.
LORENZO	
	But come at once,
	For the close night doth play the runaway, And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.
JESSICA	
	I will make fast the doors, and gild myself With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
	(Exit above)
GRAZIANO	NT 1 1 1 (7) 1 T
	Now, by my hood, a gentile, and no Jew.
LORENZO	
LORENZO	Beshrew me but I love her heartily,
LORENZO	For she is wise, if I can judge of her
LORENZO	For she is wise, if I can judge of her And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true
LORENZO	For she is wise, if I can judge of her And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true And true she is, as she hath proved herself And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true,
LORENZO	For she is wise, if I can judge of her And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true And true she is, as she hath proved herself And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true, Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.
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ANTONIO GRAZIANO ANTONIO GRAZIANO Act 2 Scene 7 (Flourish of coron PORTIA MOROCCO	For she is wise, if I can judge of her And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true And true she is, as she hat har proved herself And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true, Shall she be placed in my constant soul. (<i>Enter Jessica below</i>) What, art thou come? On, sweet friends, away. Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. (<i>Exit with lessica, Solanio and Salerio</i>) (<i>Enter Antonio</i>) Who's there? Signor Antonio? Fie, fie, Graziano, where are all the rest? Tis nine o'clock. Our friends all stay for you. No masque tonight. The wind is come about. Bassanio presently will go aboard. I have sent twenty out to seek for you. I am glad on 't. I desire no more delight Than to be under sail and gone tonight. (<i>Exeunt</i>) UNIT 18 web. Enter Portia with Morocco and both their trains) Noble prince, now make your choice. This first of gold, who this inscription bears: "Who chooseth me shall gain suchat many men desire." The second silver, which this promise carries: "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." This third dull lead, with warning all as blunt:
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	What says this leaden casket?
	"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath." Must give, for what? For lead? Hazard for lead?
	This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
	Do it in hope of fair advantages.
	A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross. I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
	What says the silver with her virgin hue?
	"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." "As much as he deserves": pause there, Morocco,
	As much as ne deserves : pause there, Morocco, And weigh thy value with an even hand.
	As much as I deserve—why, that's the lady!
	I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes, In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
	In graces, and in qualities of breeding; But more than these, in love I do deserve.
	What if I strayed no farther, but chose here?
	Let's see once more this saying graved in gold: "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
	Why, that's the lady! All the world desires her.
	From the four corners of the earth they come
	To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint. One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
	Is 't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
	To think so base a thought. It were too gross!
	Or shall I think in silver she's immured, Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
	O sinful thought! Deliver me the key.
	Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may.
PORTIA	(He is given a key)
	There, take it, Prince; and if my form lie there,
	Then I am yours.
MOROCCO	(Morocco opens the golden casket) O hell! What have we here?
	A carrion death, within whose empty eye
	There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.
	"All that glisters is not gold Often have you heard that told.
	Many a man his life hath sold
	But my outside to behold. Gilded tombs do worms infold.
	Had you been as wise as bold,
	Young in limbs, in judgement old,
	Your answer had not been enscrolled. Fare you well; your suit is cold."
	Cold indeed, and labour lost.
	Then farewell heat, and welcome frost.
	Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart To take a tedious leave. Thus losers part.
	(Flourish of cornetts. Exit with his train)
PORTIA	A gentle riddance. Turn the caskets, go.
	Let all of his complexion choose me so.
	(The curtains are drawn. Exeunt)
	UNIT 14
Act 2 Scene 9	
NERISSA	(Enter Nerissa and Balthasaar)
	Quick, quick, I pray thee, turn the caskets straight.
	Quick, quick, I pray thee, turn the caskets straight. The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath,
	The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath, And comes to his election presently.
PORTIA	The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath,
	The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath, And comes to his election presently. (Balthasaar turns the three caskets. Flourish of cornetts. Enter Aragon, his train.) Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince.
	The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath, And comes to his election presently. (Balthasaar turns the three caskets. Flourish of cornetts. Enter Aragon, his train.) Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince. If you choose that wherein I am contained,
	The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath, And comes to his election presently. (Balthasaar turns the three caskets. Flourish of cornetts. Enter Aragon, his train.) Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince. If you choose that wherein I am contained, Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized.
PORTIA	The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath, And comes to his election presently. (Balthasaar turns the three caskets. Flourish of cornetts. Enter Aragon, his train.) Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince. If you choose that wherein I am contained,
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PORTIA	The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath, And comes to his election presently. (Balthasaar turns the three caskets. Flourish of cornetts. Enter Aragon, his train.) Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince. If you choose that wherein I am contained, Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized. But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
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PORTIA	The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath, And comes to his election presently. (Balthasaar turns the three caskets, Folourish of cornetts. Enter Aragon, his train.) Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince. If you choose that wherein I am contained, Straight shall our nuptial rites be solermized. But if you fail, without more speech, my lord, You must be gone from hence immediately. I am enjoined by oath to observe three things: First, never to unfold to anyone Which casket 'twas I choose. Next, if I fail Of the right casket, never in my life
PORTIA	The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath, And comes to his election presently. (Balthasaar turns the three caskets. Flowish of cornetts. Enter Aragon, his train.) Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince. If you choose that wherein I am contained, Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized. But if you fail, without more speech, my lord, You must be gone from hence immediately. I am enjoined by oath to observe three things: First, never to unfold to anyone Which casket twas I chose. Next, if I fail Of the right casket, never in my life To woo a maid in way of marriage.
PORTIA ARAGON	The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath, And comes to his election presently. (Balthasaar turns the three caskets, Folourish of cornetts. Enter Aragon, his train.) Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince. If you choose that wherein I am contained, Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized. But if you fail, without more speech, my lord, You must be gone from hence immediately. I am enjoined by oath to observe three things: First, never to unfold to anyone Which casket 'twas I choose. Next, if I fail Of the right casket, never in my life
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	Such have but a shadow's bliss.
	There be fools alive, itvis, Silvered o'er; and so was this.
	Take what wife you will to bed, I will ever be your head.
	So be gone; you are sped." Still more fool I shall appear
	By the time I linger here. With one fool's head I came to woo,
	But I go away with two. Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath
	Patiently to bear my wroth. (Flourish of cornetts. Exit with his train)
PORTIA	Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
	O, these deliberate fools! When they do choose They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
NERISSA	The ancient saying is no heresy:
PORTIA	Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
	Come, turn the caskets, Nerissa. (Nerissa turns the caskets)
BALTHASAF	(Enter a Messenger)
	re is my lady?
BALTHASAF	
	Madam, there is alighted at your gate A young Venetian, one that comes before
	To signify th' approaching of his lord. A day in April never came so sweet
	To show how costly summer was at hand As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
PORTIA	No more, I pray thee, I am half afeard
	Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee, Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
	Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.(<i>Exit</i>)
NERISSA	Bassanio, Lore, if thy will it be!
	(Exeunt) UNIT 15.
Act 3 Scene 1 (Enter Solanio	
SOLANIO	Now, what news on the Rialto?
SALERIO	Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas — if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.
SOLANIO	I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, the good Antonio, hath lost a ship.
SALERIO	I would it might prove the end of his losses.
SOLANIO	Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer-
	UNIT 16 (Enter Shylock) for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now, Shylock, what news among the merchants ²
SHYLOCK	You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.
SOLANIO	And Shylock for his own part knew the bird was fledge, and then it is the complexion
	of them all to leave the dam.
SHYLOCK	She is damned for it.
SALERIO	That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.
SHYLOCK	My own flesh and blood to rebel!
SOLANIO	Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at these years?
SHYLOCK	I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.
SALERIO	There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?
SHYLOCK	There I have another bad match. A bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond. He was wont to call me usurer: let him look to his bond. He was wont to lend money for a Christian courtes; let him look to his bond.
SALERIO	Why, I am sure if he forfeit thou wilt not take his flesh. What's that good for?
SHYLOCK	To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath
	disgraed me, and hindered me half a million, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's his reason?—I and a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed withn the same food hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you points us do we not die? And if you us shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian avrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. (<i>Enter a Gervant from Antonio</i>)
SERVANT	(to Solanio and Salerio) Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

SOLANIO	Here comes another of the tribe. A third cannot be matched unless the devil himself
	turn Jew. (Exeunt Solanio and Salerio, with Antonio's Man)
SHYLOCK	How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?
TUBAL	I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.
SHYLOCK	Why, there, there, there, A diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfurt. The curse never fell upon our nation till now—I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her earl Would she were hearsed at my foot and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so. And I know not what's spent in the search. Why thou, loss upon loss: the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders, no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.
TUBAL	Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—
SHYLOCK	What, what? Ill luck, ill luck?
TUBAL	Hath an argosy cast away coming from Tripolis.
SHYLOCK	I thank God, I thank God! Is it true, is it true?
TUBAL	I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.
SHYLOCK	I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news! Ha, ha—heard in Genoa?
TUBAL	Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.
SHYLOCK	Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting? Fourscore ducats?
TUBAL	There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but break.
SHYLOCK	I am very glad of it. I'll plague him, I'll torture him. I am glad of it.
TUBAL	One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.
SHYLOCK	Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise. I had it of Leah when I
	was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.
TUBAL	But Antonio is certainly undone.
SHYLOCK	Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer. Bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue. Go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. (<i>Execut severally</i>) <i>INTERMISSION</i> .
Act 3 Scene 2	<u>UNIT 17</u>
Act 5 Scene 2	
	o, Portia, Nerissa, Graziano, and all their trains. The curtains are drawn aside
(Enter Bassani revealing the th PORTIA (to 1	ree caskets) Bassanio)
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BASSANIO So may the outward shows be least thems The world is still deceived with ornament. In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt But, being seasoned with a gracious voice, Obscures the show of evil? Look on beauty And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight, Which therein works a miracle in nature, Making them lightest that wear most of it. Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore To a most dangerous sea; in a word The seeming truth which cunning times put or To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold, Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee. Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge 'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead, Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught, Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence, And here choose I. Joy be the consequence! PORTIA (aside) How all the other passions fleet to air, As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair, And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy. O love, be moderate! Allay thy ecstasy. In measure rain thy joy, scant this exest I feel too much thy blessing: make it less, For fear I surfeit (Bassanio opens the leaden casket) BASSANIO What find I here? Fair Portia's counterfeit. What demi-god Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes? Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips Parted with sugar breath. So sweet a bar Should sunder such sweet friends. But her eyes-How could he see to do them? Having made one Methinks it should have power to steal both his And leave itself unfurnished. Here's the scroll, The continent and summary of my fortune. "You that choose not by the view Chance as fair and choose as true Since this fortune falls to you, Be content, and seek no new. If you be well pleased with this, And hold your fortune for your bliss Turn you where your lady is, And claim her with a loving kiss. A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave, I come by note to give and to receive, As doubtful whether what I see he true Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you PORTIA You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, Such as I am. Though for myself alone I would not be ambitious in my wish To wish myself much better, yet for you I would be trebled twenty times myself, A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich, That only to stand high in your account I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends, Exceed account. But the full sum of me Is sum of something which, to term in gross, Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractisèd, Happy in this, she is not yet so old But she may learn; happier than this She is not bred so dull but she can learn Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit Commits itself to yours to be directed As from her lord, her governor, her king Myself and what is mine to you and yours Is now converted. But now I was the lord Of this fair mansion, master of my servants, Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now, This house, these servants, and this same myself Are yours, my lord's. I give them with this ring, Which when you part from, lose, or give away, Let it presage the ruin of your love, And be my vantage to exclaim on you BASSANIO Madam, you have bereft me of all words But when this ring Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence. O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead NERISSA My lord and lady, it is now our time That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper To cry "Good joy, good joy, my lord and lady GRAZIANO My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady, I wish you all the joy that you can wish, For I am sure you can wish none from me And when your honours mean to solemnize The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you Even at that time I may be married too BASSANIO With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife GRAZIANO I thank your lordship, you have got me one. My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours. You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid. You loved, I loved; for intermission No more pertains to me, my lord, than you Your fortune stood upon the caskets there. And so did mine too, as the matter falls I got a promise of this fair one here

To have her love, provided that your fortune

And summon him to marriage. Go, Hercules. Live thou, I live. With much much more dismay I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

PORTIA	Achieved her mistress.
	Is this true, Nerissa?
NERISSA	
B. (00.1370)	Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.
BASSANIO	And do you, Graziano, mean good faith?
GRAZIANO	
GRAZIANU	Yes, faith, my lord.
BASSANIO	Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.
GRAZIANO	(to Nerissa) We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
NERISSA	What, and stake down?
GRAZIANO	No, we shall ne'er win at that sport and stake down. <u>UNIT 18.</u>
	(Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio, a messenger from Venice)
	But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel! What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio!
BASSANIO	
	Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither, If that the youth of my new int'rest here
	Have power to bid you welcome.
	(To Portia) By your leave,
	I bid my very friends and countrymen, Sweet Portia, welcome.
PORTIA	
LORENZO	So do I, my lord. They are entirely welcome.
Londinuo	I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
	My purpose was not to have seen you here, But meeting with Salerio by the way
	He did entreat me past all saying nay
CALEBIO	To come with him along.
SALERIO	I did, my lord, And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
	Commends him to you.
BASSANIO	(He gives Bassanio a letter) Ere I ope his letter
	I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
SALERIO	Not sick, my lord, nor well. His letter there
	Will show you his estate.
GRAZIANO	(Bassanio opens the letter and reads) Nerissa.
GRAZIANO	(indicating Jessica) cheer yon stranger. Bid her welcome.
	Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice?
	How doth that royal merchant good Antonio? I know he will be glad of our success.
	We are the Jasons
SALERIO	I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
PORTIA	
	There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek.
	Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
	Could turn so much the constitution
	Of any constant man. What, worse and worse? With leave, Bassanio, I am half yourself,
	And I must freely have the half of anything
	That this same paper brings you.
BASSANIO	O sweet Portia
BASSANIO	O sweet Portia, Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
BASSANIO	Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
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SALERIO JESSICA PORTIA	Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady, When I did first impart my love to you I freely told you all the wealth I had Ran in my veins. When I told you then, that My state was nothing. I should then have told you That I was worse than nothing, for indeed I have engaged myself to a dear friend, Engaged my friend to his mere enemy, To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady, The paper as the body of my friend, And every word in it a gaping wound Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio? Hath all his ventures failed? What, not one hit? From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England, From Lisbon, Barbary, and India, And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch Of merchant-marring rocks? Not one, my lord. Besides, it should appear that if he had The present momey to discharge the Jew He would not take it. Never did I know A creature that did bear the shape of man So keen and greedy to confound a man. He plies the Duke at morning and at night, And do th impeach the freedom of the state If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants, The Duke himself, and the magnificoes Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him, But none can drive him from the envious plea Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond. When I was with him I have heard him swear To Tubal and to Cush, his countrymen, That he would rather have Antonio's flesh That netwerty times the value of the sum That he widh opwer deny not, It will go hard with pop Antonio. <i>(to Bassanio)</i>

The ancient Roman honour more appears Than any that draws breath in Italy.

PORTIA

What sum owes he the Jew? BASSANIO

For me, three thousand ducats.
PORTIA
Pay him six thousand and deface the bond.
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiets oul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over. When it is paid, bring your true friend along. My maid Nerissa and myself meantime Will live as maids and widows. Come, away, For you shall hence upon your wedding day. Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer. Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear. O, love! Dispatch all business, and be gone.

BASSANIO

Act 3 Scene 3

ANTONIO

SHYLOCK

Since I have your good leave to go away I will make haste, but till I come again No bed shall eer be guilty of my stay Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. (Exempt)

<u>UNIT 19.</u>

(Enter Shylock the Jew, Solanio, Antonio, and the gaoler) SHYLOCK Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy This is the fool that lent out money gratis

Gaoler, look to him. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

I'll have my bond. Speak not against my bond. I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond. Thou called'st me dog before thou hadst a cause, But since I am a dog, beware my fangs. The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder, Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond To come abroad with him at his request.

ANTONIO SHYLOCK

SHYLOCK I'll have my bond. I will not hear thee speak. I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield To Christian intercessors. Follow not. I'll have no speaking. I will have my bond. (*Exil*) SOLANIO It is the most impenetrable cur The sume heat with some up

I pray thee hear me speak

It is the most mapone That ever kept with men. ANTONIO It follow him no more with bootless prayers. He seeks my life. His reason well I know: I oft delivered from his forfeitures Many that have at times made moan to me. Therefore he hates me. SOLANIO I am sure the Duke Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANTONIO

Act 3 Scene 4

The Duke cannot deny the course of law, For the commodity that strangers have With us in Venice, if it be denied, Will much impeach the justice of the state, Since that the trade and profit of the city Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go. These griefs and losses have so bated me That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh Tomorrow to my blody creditor. Well, gaoler, on. Pray God Bassanio come To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. (*Excunt*)

<u>UNIT 20</u>

(Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar) LORENZO (to Portia) Madam, although I speak it in your presence, You have a noble and a true conceit In bearing thus the absence of your lord But if you knew to whom you show this honour, How true a gentleman you send relief, How dear a lover of my lord your husband. I know you would be prouder of the work Than customary bounty can enforce you. PORTIA I never did repent for doing good, Nor shall not now. Hear you of other things: Lorenzo, I commit into your hands The husbandry and manage of my house Until my lord's return. For mine own part, I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow To live in prayer and contemplation, Only attended by Nerissa here, Until her husband and my lord's return. There is a monastery two miles off, And there we will abide. I do desire you Not to deny this imposition, The which my love and some necessity

LORENZO

Now lays upon you. Madam, with all my heart, I shall obey you in all fair commands.

JESSICA	
PORTIA	I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
	I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased To wish it back on you. Fare you well, Jessica.
	(Excunt Lorenzo and Jessica) Now, Balthasar,
	As I have ever found thee honest-true,
	So let me find thee still. Take this same letter, In speed to Padua. See thou render this
	Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario, And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
	Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed Unto the traject, to the common ferry
	Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words, But get thee gone. I shall be there before thee.
BALTHASAR	Madam, I go with all convenient speed. (Exit)
PORTIA	<u>UNIT 21</u>
	Come on, Nerissa. I have work in hand That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands Before they think of us.
NERISSA PORTIA	Shall they see us?
	They shall, Nerissa, but in such a habit That they shall think we are accomplished With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager, When we are both accoutered like young men
NERISSA	I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two.
PORTIA	Shall we turn to men? What a question's that
	If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
	When I am in my coach, which stays for us At the park gate, and therefore haste away,
	For we must measure twenty miles today. (<i>E.xeunt</i>)
	UNIT 22
Act 3 Scene 5	(Enter Lancelot the clown, and Jessica)
LANCELOT	Yes, truly, for look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise you I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak
	my agitation of the matter, therefore be o' good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind
	of bastard hope, neither.
JESSICA	And what hope is that, I pray thee?
LANCELOT	Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.
JESSICA	I shall be saved by my husband. He hath made me a Christian.
LANCELOT	Truly, the more to blame hel We were Christians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs. If we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.
LANCELOT	could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs.
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	But say it is my humour. Is it answered? What if my house be troubled with a rat,
	And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
	To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
	Some men there are love not a gaping pig, Some that are mad if they behold a cat,
	And others when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose
	Cannot contain their urine; for affection Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
	Of what it likes or loathes. Now for your answer:
	As there is no firm reason to be rendered
	Why he cannot abide a gaping pig, Why he a harmless necessary cat,
	Why he a woollen bagpipe,
	So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
	More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
	A losing suit against him. Are you answered?
BASSANIO	This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
	To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
SHYLOCK	I am not bound to please thee with my answers.
BASSANIO	and not bound to prease thee with my districts.
SHYLOCK	Do all men kill the things they do not love?
SHILOCK	Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
BASSANIO	
SHYLOCK	Every offence is not a hate at first.
	What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
ANTONIO	You think you question with the Jew.
	You may as well go stand upon the beach
	And bid the main flood bate his usual height
	You may as well do anything most hard As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
	His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
	Make no more offers, use no farther means, But with all brief and plain conveniency
	Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.
BASSANIO	
SHYLOCK	lock) For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
	If every ducat in six thousand ducats
	Were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them. I would have my bond.
DUKE	
SHYLOCK	How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
SHILDER	What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
	You have among you many a purchased slave
	Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules, You use in abject and in slavish parts
	Because you bought them. Shall I say to you
	"Let them be free, marry them to your heirs.
	"Let them be free, marry them to your heirs. Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates Be seasoned with such viands." You will answer
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SALERIO DUKE BASSANIO ANTONIO DUKE NERISSA BASSANIO SHYLOCK GRAZIANO	 "Let them be free, marry them to your heirs. Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds Be made as soft as yours, and let their plates Be seasoned with such viands." You will answer "The slaves are ours." So do I answer you. The pound of flesh which I demand of him Is dearly bought. The mine, and I will have it. If you deny me, fie upon your law: There is no force in the decrees of Venice. I stand for judgement. Answer: shall I have it? Upon my power I may dismiss this court Unless Bellario, a learned doctor Whom I have sent for to determine this, Come here today. My lord, here stays without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua. Bring us the letters. Call the messenger. (<i>Exit Salerio</i>) Good cheer, Antonio. What, man, courage yet? The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood. I am a tainted wether of the flock, Metters to the ground You cannot better be employed, Bassanio, Than to live still and write mise epitaph. <i>LNIT 24</i> (<i>Exter Salerio</i>, veith Nerissa apparelled as a judge's clerk) Came you from Padua, from Bellario? From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace. (<i>She gives a letter to the black</i>) (<i>She glock whet his higfe on his show</i>) (<i>to Shylock</i>) Why doat theu whet thy knife so earnesth? T o cut the fore it from that bankrupt there. Not on thy sole but on thy soul, harsh Jew, Thou mak'st thy knife keen. Bat half the keenness

O, be thou damned, inexorable dog, And for thy life let justice be accused! For thy desires are wolvish, bloody, starv'd,

	And ravenous.
SHYLOCK	Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond
	Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud. Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
DUKE	To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
	This letter from Bellario doth commend A young and learnèd doctor to our court. Where is he?
NERISSA	He attendeth here hard by To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
DUKE	With all my heart. Some three or four of you
	Go give him courteous conduct to this place. (Exeant three or four)
NERISSA	Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter. (Reads) " Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick,
	but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation vass with me a young doctor of Rome. His name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause between
	the Jew and Antonio, the merchant. He is formished with my opinion which, bettered vith his own learning—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend—comes
	with him at my importunity to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you
	let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious
	acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation." (Enter three or four with Portia as Balthasar)
DUKE	<u>UNIT 25</u>
	You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
	(To Portia) Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?
PORTIA	I did, my lord.
DUKE	You are welcome. Take your place. Are you acquainted with the difference
PORTIA	That holds this present question in the court?
TORTER	I am informèd throughly of the cause. Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
DUKE	
DODTIA	Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth. (Antonio and Shylock stand forth)
PORTIA	Is your name Shylock ?
SHYLOCK PORTIA	Shylock is my name.
	Of a strange nature is the suit you follow, Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
	Cannot impugn you as you do proceed. (<i>To Antonio</i>) You stand within his danger, do you not?
ANTONIO	Ay, so he says.
PORTIA ANTONIO	Do you confess the bond?
PORTIA	I do. Then must the Jew be merciful.
SHYLOCK	On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
PORTIA	The quality of mercy is not strained.
	It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
	It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
	The thronèd monarch better than his crown. His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
	The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings
	But mercy is above this sceptred sway. It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings
	It is an attribute to God himself, And earthly power doth then show likest God's
	When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, Though justice be thy plea, consider this:
	That in the course of justice none of us
	Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy, And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
	The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
	Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
SHYLOCK	My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
PORTIA	The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
BASSANIO	Is he not able to discharge the money?
	Yes, here I tender it for him in the court, Yea, twice the sum. If that will not suffice
	I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
	If this will not suffice, it must appear That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,
	Wrest once the law to your authority. To do a great right, do a little wrong,
PORTIA	And curb this cruel devil of his will.
	It must not be. There is no power in Venice Can alter a decree establishèd.
	"Twill be recorded for a precedent, And many an error by the same example
SHYLOCK	Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
	A Daniel come to judgement, yea, a Daniel! O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
PORTIA	
	I pray you let me look upon the bond.

SHYLOCK	Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
PORTIA	
SHYLOCK	Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.
	An oath, an oath! I have an oath in heaven. Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
PORTIA	No, not for Venice. Why, this bond is forfeit,
TORTIA	And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
	A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off Nearest the merchant's heart.
	(<i>To Shylock</i>) Be merciful. Take thrice thy money. Bid me tear the bond.
SHYLOCK	When it is paid according to the tenor.
	It doth appear you are a worthy judge.
	You know the law. Your exposition Hath been most sound. I charge you, by the law
	Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar, Proceed to judgement. By my soul I swear
	There is no power in the tongue of man To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
ANTONIO	Most heartily I do beseech the court
PORTIA	To give the judgement.
	Why, then thus it is: You must prepare your bosom for his knife—
SHYLOCK	O noble judge, O excellent young man!
PORTIA	For the intent and purpose of the law
	Hath full relation to the penalty Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
SHYLOCK	
	'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge! How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
PORTIA	(to Antonio) Therefore lay bare your bosom.
SHYLOCK	Ay, his breast. So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
PORTIA	"Nearest his heart"-those are the very words.
SHYLOCK	It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?
	I have them ready.
PORTIA	Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge
SHYLOCK	To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
PORTIA	Is it so nominated in the bond?
	It is not so expressed, but what of that? 'Twere good you do so much for charity.
SHYLOCK	I cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond.
PORTIA	(to Antonio)
	(to Antonio) You, merchant, have you anything to say?
PORTIA	(to Antonio) You, merchant, have you anything to say? But little. I am armed and well prepared. Give me your hand, Bassanio
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PORTIA ANTONIO BASSANIO PORTIA GRAZIANO NERISSA SHYLOCK	<pre>(la Antonio) You, merchant, have you anything to say? Aut, merchant, have you anything to say? Aut ittle. I am armed and well prepared. Give me your hand, Bassanio Grieve not that I am fail'n to this for you, For herein Fortune shows herself more kind Than is her custom; it is still her use To le tthe wretched man outlive his wealth To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow An age of poverty, from which ling'ring penance. Of such misery doth she cut me off. Commend me to your honourable wife. Tell her the process of Antonio's end. Say how Hoved you. Speak me fair in death, And when the tale is told, bid her be judge Whether Bassanio had not once a love. Repent but you that you shall lose your friend, And her repents not that he pays your debt For if the Jeved oc cut but deep enough, Til pay it instantly, with all my heart. Antonio, I am married to a wife Which is as dear to me as life itself, But life itself, my wife, and all the world Are not with me estemed above thy life. I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all Here to this devil, to deliver you. Your wife would give you little thanks for that I fahe were by to hear you make the offer. Tis well you offer it behind her back Theave a wife who, I protest, I love. Yous wife would make else an unguit house. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter. Would any of the stock of Barabbas Had been her husband rather than a Christian. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine. The court awards it, and the law dot give it. </pre>
PORTIA ANTONIO BASSANIO PORTIA GRAZIANO NERISSA SHYLOCK	<pre>(la Autonia) You, merchant, have you anything to say? Autonic and a sassanio Grieve not that I am faill no this for you, For herein Fortune shows herself more kind Than is her custom; it is still her use To let the wretched man oudlive his wealth To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow An age of poverty, from which ling'ring penance Of such misery doth she cut me off: Commend me to your honourable wife. Tell her the process of Antonio's end. Say how I loved you. Speak me fair in death, And when the tale is told, bid her be judge Whether Bassanio had no noce a love. Repent but you that you shall lose your friend, And her repents not that he pays your debt For if the Jew do cut that deep enough, UI pay it instantly, with all my heart. Antonio, I am married to a wife Which is as dear to me as life itself, But life itself, my wife, and all the world Are not with me esteemed above thy life. I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all Hor to this devil, to deliver you. Your wife would give you little thanks for that I fake were in heaven so she could Entreat some power to change this currish Jew. Tis well you offer it behind her back Hou out fake use an unquiet house. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter. Would any of the stock of Brarabas Hou of the stock of Brarabas Hou of that same merchant's flesh is thine. The courd awards it, and the law doth give it. </pre>
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DODTI	(to Antonio)	come, prepare.
PORTIA	Tarry a little. There is somethic This bond doth give thee here is The words expressly are "a poor Take then thy bond. Take thou	no jot of blood. Ind of flesh".
	But in the cutting it, if thou dos One drop of Christian blood, th Are by the laws of Venice confi Unto the state of Venice.	st shed by lands and goods
GRAZIANO	Mark, Jew! O learnèd judge!	right judge!
SHYLOCK PORTIA	Is that the law? Thys For as thou urgest justice, be a	self shalt see the act ssured
GRAZIANO	Thou shalt have justice more the O learned judge! Mark, Jew—a	han thou desir'st.
SHYLOCK	I take this offer, then. Pay the l And let the Christian go.	oond thrice,
BASSANIO PORTIA	Here	is the money.
GRAZIANO	Soft, the Jew shall have all just He shall have nothing but the p	
PORTIA	O Jew, an upright judge, a learn (to Shylock)	nèd judge!
	Therefore prepare thee to cut of Shed thou no blood, nor cut the	
	But just a pound of flesh. If the	u tak'st more
	Or less than a just pound, be it As makes it light or heavy in th	ie substance
	Or the division of the twentieth Of one poor scruple—nay, if th	
	But in the estimation of a hair, Thou diest, and all thy goods a	re confiscate.
GRAZIANO	A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew Now, infidel, I have you on the	
PORTIA	Why doth the Jew pause? Take	
SHYLOCK	Give me my principal, and let n	
BASSANIO	I have it ready for thee. Here it	
PORTIA	He hath refused it in the open of	ourt.
GRAZIANO	He shall have merely justice an A Daniel, still say I, a second D	
SHYLOCK	I thank thee, Jew, for teaching	
PORTIA	Shall I not have barely my prin Thou shalt have nothing but th	
SHYLOCK	To be so taken at thy peril, Jev	
PORTIA	Why then, the devil give him g I'll stay no longer question.	ood of it. Tarry, Jew.
IORIIA	The law hath yet another hold	on you.
	It is enacted in the laws of Ven If it be proved against an alien	
	That by direct or indirect atten He seek the life of any citizen,	npts
	The party 'gainst the which he	
	Shall seize one half his goods, the Comes to the privy coffer of the	e state,
	And the offender's life lies in th Of the Duke only, 'gainst all of	
	In which predicament I say the For it appears by manifest proc	
	That indirectly, and directly to Thou hast contrived against th	0,
	Of the defendant, and thou hast	incurred
	The danger formerly by me rel Down, therefore, and beg merce	
GRAZIANO	(to Shylock) Beg that thou mayst have leave	
	And yet, thy wealth being forfe Thou hast not left the value of	a cord.
DUKE	Therefore thou must be hanged (to Shylock) That thou shalt see the different	
	I pardon thee thy life before the	ou ask it.
	For half thy wealth, it is Anton The other half comes to the gen	neral state,
PORTIA	Which humbleness may drive u	
SHYLOCK	Ay, for the state, not for Anton	io.
	Nay, take my life and all, pardo You take my house when you o	
	That doth sustain my house. Y	ou take my life
PORTIA	When you do take the means w	
GRAZIANO	What mercy can you render his	
ANTONIO	A halter, gratis. Nothing else, i	
	So please my lord the Duke and To quit the fine for one half of	
	I am content, so he will let me l The other half in use, to render	have
	Upon his death unto the gentler	
	That lately stole his daughter. Two things provided more: that	at for this favour

	He presently become a Christian
	He presently become a Christian The other, that he do record a gift
	Here in the court of all he dies possessed Unto his son, Lorenzo, and his daughter.
DUKE	0
	He shall do this, or else I do recant The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.
PORTIA	
SHYLOCK	Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?
PORTIA	I am content. (to Nerissa) Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
SHYLOCK	. ,
	I pray you give me leave to go from hence. I am not well. Send the deed after me,
	And I will sign it.
DUKE	Get thee gone, but do it.
GRAZIANO	(to Shylock)
	In christ'ning shalt thou have two godfathers. Had I been judge thou shouldst have had ten more,
	To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. (Exit Shylock)
DUKE	(to Portia)
PORTIA	Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
	I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.
	I must away this night toward Padua, And it is meet I presently set forth.
DUKE	I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
	Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
	For in my mind you are much bound to him. (Exit Duke and his train)
BASSANIO	(to Portia)
	Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
	Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof Three thousand ducats due unto the Jew
	We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
ANTONIO	And stand indebted over and above
	In love and service to you evermore.
PORTIA	He is well paid that is well satisfied,
	And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
	And therein do account myself well paid. My mind was never yet more mercenary.
	I pray you know me when we meet again. I wish you well.
BASSANIO	
	Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further. Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
	Not as fee. Grant me two things, I pray you: Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
PORTIA	Not to deny me, and to partion me.
	You press me far, and therefore I will yield, And for your love I'll take this ring from you.
	Do not draw back your hand. I'll take no more,
BASSANIO	And you in love shall not deny me this.
	This ring, good sir? Alas, it is a trifle. I will not shame myself to give you this.
PORTIA	
	I will have nothing else, but only this And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
BASSANIO	
	There's more depends on this than on the value. The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
	And find it out by proclamation. Only for this, I pray you pardon me.
PORTIA	
	I see, sir, you are liberal in offers. You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
BASSANIO	You teach me how a beggar should be answered.
billonitio	Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
	And when she put it on she made me vow That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
PORTIA	
	That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts. An if your wife be not a madwoman,
	And know how well I have deserved this ring, She would not hold out enemy for ever
	For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
ANTONIO	(Exeunt Portia and Nerissa)
	My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring. Let his deservings and my love withal
	Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandèment.
BASSANIO	Go, Graziano, run and overtake him.
	Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
	Unto Antonio's house. Away, make haste. (Exit Graziano)
	Come, you and I will thither presently, And in the morning early will we both
	Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.
	(Exeunf) UNIT 26
Act 4 Scene 2 (Enter Portia and	d Nerissa, still disguised)
PORTIA	
	Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed, And let him sign it. We'll away tonight,
	And be a day before our husbands home.
	This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo. (Enter Graziano)
GRAZIANO	

	Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en. My lord Passania unan mare advise
	My lord Bassanio upon more advice Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
PORTIA	Your company at dinner. That cannot be.
TORTIA	His ring I do accept most thankfully,
	And so I pray you tell him. Furthermore,
GRAZIANO	I pray you show my youth old Shylock's house.
NEDICCA	That will I do.
NERISSA	Sir, I would speak with you. (Aside to Portia) I'll see if I can get my husband's ring
DODT	Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
PORTIA	(aside to Nerissa) Thou mayst; I warrant we shall have old swearing
	That they did give the rings away to men.
	But we'll outface them, and outswear them too. Away, make haste. Thou know'st where I will tarry.
	(Exit at one door)
NERISSA	(to Graziano) Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
	(Execut at another door)
Act 5 Scene 1	<u>UNIT 27</u>
(Enter Lorenzo	and Jessica)
LORENZO	The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
	When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
	And they did make no noise—in such a night Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
	And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
JESSICA	Where Cressid lay that night. In such a night
01001011	Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
	And saw the lion's shadow ere himself, And ran dismayed away.
LORENZO	In such a night
	Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew, And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
	As far as Belmont.
JESSICA	In such a night
	Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well, Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
LORENZO	And ne'er a true one.
LUKENZU	In such a night Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
JESSICA	Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
JESSICA	I would outnight you, did nobody come.
	But hark, I hear the footing of a man.
LORENZO	(Enter Salerio, a messenger)
SALERIO	Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
SALEKIO	A friend.
LORENZO	A friend—what ? Salerio! What news?
SALERIO	I bring word that Portia
	Our lady will before the break of day Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about
	By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
LORENZO	For happy wedlock hours. (to Jessica)
LUKENZU	(10 Jessica) Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
	And yet no matter. Why should we go in?
	My friend Salerio, signify, I pray you, Within the house our mistress is at hand,
	And bring some music forth into the air.
	(<i>Exit Salerio</i>) How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
	Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
	Creep in our ears. Look how the floor of heaven Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold.
	There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
	But in his motion like an angel sings, Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
	Such harmony is in immortal souls,
	But whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
JESSICA	
LORENZO	I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
	The reason is your spirits are attentive. Do but note a wild and wanton herd
	Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
	Which is the hot condition of their blood, If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
	You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
	By the sweet power of music. Naught so full of rage
	But music for the time doth change his nature. The man that hath no music in himself,
	Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
	Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
	And his affections dark as Erebus. Let no such man be trusted.
	<u>UNIT 28</u>
(Enter	Portia and Nerissa, as themselves)
LORENZO PORTIA	Dear lady, welcome home. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
	Which speed we hope the better for our words.
(Enter Bassanio,	Are they returned? . Antonio, Graziano, and their followers. Graziano and Nerissa speak silently to one another)
BASSANIO	
	You are welcome home, my lord.
	I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.

PORTIA

	You should in all sense be much bound to him,
ANTONIO	For as I hear he was much bound for you.
PORTIA	No more than I am well acquitted of.
	Sir, you are very welcome to our house. It must appear in other ways than words,
GRAZIANO	Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy. (to Nerissa)
	By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong. In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.
	Would he were gelt that had it for my part, Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
PORTIA	A quarrel, ho, already! What's the matter?
GRAZIANO	About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
	That she did give me, whose posy was For all the world like cutlers' poetry
NERISSA	Upon a knife—"Love me and leave me not".
	What talk you of the posy or the value? You swore to me when I did give it you
	That you would wear it till your hour of death,
	And that it should lie with you in your grave. Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths
	You should have been respective and have kept it. Gave it a judge's clerk?—no, God's my judge,
GRAZIANO	The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.
NERISSA	He will an if he live to be a man.
GRAZIANO	Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
	Now by this hand, I gave it to a youth, A kind of boy, a little scrubbèd boy
	No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk, A prating boy that begged it as a fee.
PORTIA	I could not for my heart deny it him.
101111	You were to blame, I must be plain with you, To part so slightly with your wife's first gift,
	A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
	And so riveted with faith unto your flesh. I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
	Never to part with it; and here he stands. I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it,
	Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth That the world masters. Now, in faith, Graziano,
	You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief. An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
BASSANIO	(<i>aside</i>) Why, I were best to cut my left hand off
GRAZIANO	And swear I lost the ring defending it. (to Portia)
	My lord Bassanio gave his ring away Unto the judge that begged it, and indeed
	Deserved it, too, and then the boy his clerk, That took some pains in writing, he begged mine,
	And neither man nor master would take aught But the two rings.
PORTIA	(to Bassanio) What ring gave you, my lord? Not that, I hope, which you received of me.
BASSANIO	
	If I could add a lie unto a fault I would deny it; but you see my finger
PORTIA	Hath not the ring upon it. It is gone.
	Even so void is your false heart of truth. By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
NERISSA	Until I see the ring. (to Graziano) Nor I in yours
BASSANIO	Till I again see mine. Sweet Portia,
	If you did know to whom I gave the ring, You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
PORTIA	Nerissa teaches me what to believe.
BASSANIO	I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.
	No, by my honour, madam, by my soul, No woman had it, but a civil doctor
	Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me, And begged the ring. Pardon me, good lady,
	Had you been there I think you would have begged
PORTIA	The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
	Let not that doctor e'er come near my house. Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
	And that which you did swear to keep for me, I will become as liberal as you.
	I'll not deny him anything I have, No, not my body nor my husband's bed.
NERISSA	I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow. (to Graziano)
	And I his clerk, therefore be well advised How you do leave me to mine own protection.
GRAZIANO	Well, do you so. Let not me take him then,
ANTONIO	For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
PORTIA	I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.
BASSANIO	Sir, grieve not you. You are welcome notwithstanding.
5.1.551140	Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong, And in the hearing of these many friends
	I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
	Wherein I see myself—

PORTIA	Mark you but that?
TORTIA	In both my eyes he doubly sees himself,
	In each eye one. Swear by your double self,
	And there's an oath of credit.
BASSANIO	Nay, but hear me.
	Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
	I never more will break an oath with thee.
ANTONIO	(to Portia)
	I once did lend my body for his wealth
	Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
	Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound again,
	My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
PORTIA	Will never more break faith advisedly.
TORTER	Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
	And bid him keep it better than the other.
ANTONIO	1
	Here, Lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring.
BASSANIO	
	By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
PORTIA	
	You are all amazed.
	Here is a letter. Read it at your leisure.
	It comes from Padua, from Bellario. There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
	Nerissa there her clerk. Lorenzo here
	Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
	And even but now returned. I have not yet
	Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome,
	And I have better news in store for you
	Than you expect. Unseal this letter soon.
	There you shall find three of your argosies
	Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
	You shall not know by what strange accident
ANTONIO	I chancèd on this letter. I am dumb!
BASSANIO	
BASSANIO	(to Portia) Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow.
	When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
ANTONIO	(to Portia)
	Sweet lady, you have given me life and living,
	For here I read for certain that my ships
	Are safely come to road.
PORTIA	How now, Lorenzo?
	My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.
NERISSA	
	Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee. There do I give to you and Jessica
	From the rich Jew a special deed of gift,
	After his death, of all he dies possessed of.
LORENZO	1
	Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
	Of starvèd people.
PORTIA	It is almost morning,
	And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
	Of these events at full. Let us go in,
	And charge us there upon inter gatories, And we will answer all things faithfully.
GRAZIANO	
	Let it be so. The first inter'gatory
	That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is
	Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
	Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
	But were the day come, I should wish it dark
	Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
	Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing

(Exit all save Jessica. Shylock enters - he looks at her, pleading. She hesitates, torn between her husband and her father and then runs weeping into the house, the lights fade to black on the solitary Shylock.)